

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday).—

Half-crown Day.—Extra Opera.—Gounod's "FAUST," under the direction of Mr. E. T. Surrin. Faust, Mr. Vernon Rigby; Valentine, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Wagner, Mr. Wakefield; Siebel, Miss Annie Thirlwall; Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Corri; Martha, Mrs. Aynsley Cook; Margarita, Miss Blanche Cole, Students, Soldiers, People, Spirits, &c.

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The Nights of Performance Next Week will be—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

This Evening (SATURDAY), will be produced (second time in England) Ambroise Thomas's Opera, in four acts, "MIGNON." The libretto by MM. Michele Carré and G. Barbier; the Italian translation by Signor Giuseppe Zaffira. Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lotario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Gassier; Giarro, Signor Raguer; Zingarella, Mdlle. Fioretti; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Fillina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor ARBITI.

TUESDAY, July 12, Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodrigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure; Elmira, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Carli; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

WEDNESDAY, July 13, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Raguer; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Borsa, Signor Archinti; Cipriano, Signor Trevero; Le Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanni, Madame Corsi; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

THURSDAY, July 14, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

WEDNESDAY, July 20, a Morning Performance, when will be given Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Perotti (his first appearance); Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, AUGUST 23rd,

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

By FREDERICK THOMAS, PH. D.

(Continued from page 444.)

Thomas Attwood, whose name is mentioned in the beginning of the letter, is known as one of the few pupils of W. A. Mozart. He was born in 1767,* and, after he had been a chorister at the Chapel Royal for five years, he was, in 1783, by the aid of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, enabled to study under the Neapolitan masters, Filippo Cinque (about 1760-90)† and Gaetano Latilla (1718—about 1788),‡ and, 1785, under Mozart, at Vienna. § How Mozart thought of Attwood himself, may best be learnt of Michael Kelly, the Irish tenor singer ¶:—

"Attwood was Mozart's favourite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him; his words were: 'Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem, he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had, and I predict that he will prove a sound musician.'"

Yet after his return to England, in 1786, friendly relations still continued between master and pupil.¶ Attwood enjoyed a high reputation as composer of a great many exceedingly popular songs, glees, trios, &c., and several operas, partly, at that time, stock pieces on the stage—a still higher one, however, on account of his sacred compositions. J. S. Bach's organ works were not known, at least not appreciated by him, before the youth Mendelssohn acquainted him as well as the English public in general, with the pedal fugues and the other organ music of the great German master. In 1795, Attwood succeeded Jones as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, which function he kept till the time of his death in 1838. Besides, he held the offices of organist to the Chapels Royal, Composer to her Majesty, and a member of the State Band. Kelly calls his friend a worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world. To Thomas Attwood, Mendelssohn has, in 1837, dedicated his *Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ* (Op. 37), in which he tried to fill up the old forms with new ideas, and to which we shall have to return further on.

The influenza, mentioned at the conclusion, happened, just at that time, to be epidemic in London, as we observe from the contemporaneous London newspapers.†

For those who put an interest in the local question as to where Mendelssohn directed his letter from, the remark may be made that I dare not say anything for certain, as the name of "Portland Street" returns no less than six times in the *London Street Directory*,‡ and, principal road and square and initials being wanting, cannot possibly be fixed; besides, one will have to bear in mind how often such little things as numbers of houses change in the course of from thirty to forty years.

The letter is followed (fol. 33a, fol. 33b, fol. 34a), by the "Original MS. of the fugue by Mendelssohn, which he was so kind as to write expressly for me," as V. Novello has, with red pencil, remarked himself at the bottom of fol. 33a. The size is small 4to—viz., one foot in length, and eight inches four lines in breadth. Each page, from fol. 33a to fol. 33b, inclusive, has sixteen staves. The very same fugue for two manuals and one pedal has been published as "Fuga No. 3," in *Three Preludes and Fugues composed for the Organ, and dedicated to Thomas Attwood, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. [London: J. Alfred Novello; Leipzig bei Breitkopf and Härtel], pp. 22, 23, 24. This copyright edition has not got an opus figure; if it was, in the above, cited as "Op. 37," published in 1837, I followed for the former statement the authorities of Julius Rietz, in his catalogue of all Mendelssohn's compositions,‡ and of the

* *The Musical World*. Vol. VIII. [London, 1838], p. 220 f, p. 227 f. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Vol. VIII. [Leipzig, 1838], p. 138.

† The dates after *Pétis, Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*. Deuxième édition. [Paris, 1860-65.]

‡ Otto Jahn, *W. A. Mozart*. Zweite Auflage. [Leipzig, 1867.] I. p. 713 f.

§ *Reminiscences of the King's Theatre and Theatre Royal, Drury Lane*. [London, 1826.] Vol. I. p. 228.

¶ C. F. Pohl, *Mozart und Haydn in London*. Erste Abtheilung. [Wien, 1867.] p. 139.

† e.g.—*The Morning Post* [London, April, 1838], Nos. 19,456, 19,462, and 19,465.

‡ Great Portland Street (W.), Little Portland Street (W.), Portland Street (E.), Portland Street, Soho (W.), Portland Street, Walworth Common (S. E.), Portland Street Mews, Soho (W.).

§ Forming part of the *Post Office London Directory*, 1870.

¶ Fol. 34b is empty.

‡ Julius Rietz, *Verzeichniss der sämtlichen musikalischen Compositionen von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, added as a supplement to the *Briefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Vol. II. [Leipzig, 1863], p. 499-520.

Music Catalogue in the British Museum; for the latter, an advertisement in the *Musical World* of the 6th October, 1837,* where the "Three Preludes and Fugues," but without an opus figure, are recorded in the "Weekly List of New Publications." Breitkopf and Härtel, the Leipzig commissioners of the London publisher, advertised them soon after in their new catalogue for Michaelmas, 1837, here as *Oeuvre 37*.† They were, in a favourable sense, reviewed in the *Musical World* of 1838.‡

(To be continued.)

MIGNON AT DRURY LANE.

(From the "Morning Post," July 7th.)

The performance last night of the opera of *Mignon*, composed by Ambroise Thomas, was the most brilliant event of the season, and as great a success as it is possible to desire. The part of Mignon is one that displays in an extraordinary and unexpected degree, not only all the known qualities of Mdle. Nilsson as an actress and singer, but serves to develop a power hitherto only imagined, but now completely realized, of expressing in an intensified degree all the higher and unusual characteristics of a tragic genius of rare rank. In nearly every part in which she has appeared this season some individual qualities have been discovered and displayed by her, so that each performance has been to a certain extent an improvement upon a previous one, and has placed Mdle. Nilsson, as an artist, upon the most elevated position it is possible for her to occupy, and she has strengthened that position by her thorough originality. In many of the characters played by her, her wonderful voice and style alone affect her hearers; but in *Mignon* the voice, singing, acting, appearance, and depth of pathos reach straight to the hearts of all. The greatest homage was paid to her last night by the audience, not always by applause, but in many instances by a silence that was almost breathless. She was recalled, with the other artists associated with her, at the end of each act, and at the conclusion she appeared twice; the second time almost dragging the composer upon the stage to share the plaudits with her, which honour he seemed to take unwillingly, as though he owed the successful reception of his work to the genius of the *prima donna*, and was unwilling to lessen the obligation he owed her. But, great as Mdle. Nilsson's success was, there were other artists whose exertions were as proportionately successful. Madame Volpini, as Filiana, a confirmed coquette, acted and sang most splendidly; and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as Frederico, made a small part as completely interesting as possible. In the ballet or rather several ballets, which form no unimportant portion of the opera, Mdle. Fioretti danced in a manner which gave great liveliness to the scene; and as Giarno, the chief of the strolling performers, Signor Raguer deserves a word of commendation for his effective acting and singing in a difficult part. Signor Gassier's Laertes was an excellent performance; his appearance in the costume of an ancient Greek was the summit of burlesque dressing. The singing of Signor Bettini was very pleasing and much more free and acceptable than his acting, which was stiff and unmeaning. The character which next to that of Mignon was most perfectly studied and satisfactorily rendered was M. Faure's Lothario. Graceful and picturesque in his attitudes, effective and expressive in facial expression, the part was, like nearly everything that M. Faure undertakes, finished, correct, and artistic.

The chorus was very good, and the band, directed by Signor Arditi, performed their portion of the work in the most perfect style. The opera has been well put on the stage, and with some attention to correctness of costume. It may be, however, open to doubt whether the zebra-pattern parsons were as generally known in the last century, in which time the action is supposed to take place, as their liberal use in the opera would lead the audience to suppose. The scenic effects are in general excellent, and the whole opera is placed upon the stage in a creditable manner.

In the scoring of the music M. Thomas repeats many of the effects already familiar in his *Hamlet*, but as a rule the instrumentation is excellent and clever. There are many lively and taking melodies in the work, which will make it a perfect treasure to the "arrangers" of waltzes, galops, and other dance tunes. The concerted music is exceedingly weak, but many of the songs are beautifully constructed. M. Thomas is as fashionably original as most modern composers, and has succeeded in producing an opera which will always be pleasing when performed as it was last night. The story or plot has been considerably varied from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's apprenticeship, one character being mixed with another in a most wonderful order, or disorder. It is enough to say that whether the idea be taken as Goethe's or as the free translation of Messrs. Carré and Barbier, it makes a plot of unusual power and interest, and has inspired M. Thomas to write music in the execution of which last night a combination of genius was displayed which makes the first performance of *Mignon* a most unusual event to chronicle.

BASLE.—The Beethoven Centenary will be celebrated here by a grand performance of some of the master's works in the month of November.

* Vol. VII., No. 87, p. 64.

† *Intelligens-Blatt zur Allgemeinen Musikalischen Zeitung*. [Leipzig] November, 1837, No. 10, column 42.

‡ Vol. VIII. [London, 1838], p. 102.

ON THE ORIGIN OF MELODY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—If, as some aver, the Angel of Death and the Angel of Birth are one;—if for everything that comes into existence some other thing must cease to exist;—from what adventitious surroundings springs melodic outline? As it comes into contact with the telegraph, the self-same blustering howling blast that screams and yells over moor and brake will breathe with gentle sadness a "seraphic strain" tunelessly into the ear of anyone who listens at the wire-crowned post. If but the sense of hearing were enough enlarged it would surely recognize another of those vast æolian harps that link all nature with the "harmony of the spheres,"—those "morning (and evening) stars," which from all eternity have sung together. "Men of thought" prove to us that there are sounds of living birds too acute, and cavernous echoes in nature too deep for the grasp of the human ear. The atmosphere holds alike in thrall the sweet twitter of the lark's highest cadence, and the lowest bellowings of the "idle wind." It withholds, in kindness to us, these extreme voices. Perhaps the rapture would be too great, or the terror (on the other hand) too dreadful, could we hear all the "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," of the most original of all composers, fresh from the confines of heaven itself; or take in all the hollow murmurings and groanings of thunder, earthquake, and volcano, whose deep vibrations draw so largely on our too slender faith as to all discord being "harmony not understood." As certainly as the harp of the ancients was limited to its seven strings, so is the acoustic nerve of man confined to its seven octaves, or so, of compass. The telegraph post will play "Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar," or "Home, sweet home" (as the day may happen to be breezy or calm), in periodical pulsations, crescendo and diminuendo, with full accompaniments; so it is said by one who has listened for the airs (he had the "ear to hear"), just as plainly and as spontaneously (or "spasmodically," I forget which) as the *tabula rasa* of the professed spiritist by means of rapping noises furnishes the expectant inquirer with reliable replies from departed friends in the "other life." Who said we got our tunes by telegraph? But it is wonderful what a deal of truth (or of its opposite) a man may hear if he only tries to hear it; and, even if he does not try, voices of varied line and import will come, asking nobody's leave, and, departing, photograph, though faintly, impressions that neither time nor traffic of more material associations across the ear will wholly efface. Melody, then, is of two kinds:—original or copied—imitative or creative. Who shall say what share in forming the melodies of nations the very birds have had—the pewit, mopeke, whip-poor-will, and the cuckoo. Nature may not have entirely denied to man a gift so lavishly bestowed on the feathered songsters of the woods; yet do we possess in a very limited degree the nightingale's faculty. The throistle, the linnet, the lark, are our masters in the matter of melody. As regards accuracy, originality of fancy, executive skill, in addition to a *répertoire* of "scales," which set all our measuring materials and "modes" at defiance, they are our masters. There is little doubt but that every singer of marked originality conceives and creates his own peculiar scale (a most important consideration with regard to melody). He is always better in tune than his accompaniment, be it even of the best. Into whatsoever relationship of the original key the music may modulate the voice of the favoured one is always a little more than perfectly correct; it re-creates its own scales, and in these heaven-gifted modes reproduces the composer's thoughts; the "divisions" being all newly set by the singer in a "scale" more subtle than any known instrument of human make can as yet perfectly follow or written notes express. Themes, then, should be imagined vocally; voice themes are better than instrumental themes; so much the best as almost to claim to be *par excellence* the only themes. Those themes we love best are those we can sing. In fact the moment a theme "strikes" in an especial manner the ear of the lover of music he wants to sing it; he does so. He apprehends the music, but the music, in a more emphatic sense "gets hold" of him. If no "melodic outline" is recognized there is no delight—not even satisfaction. A picture without an outline—impossible. Melody is the true *sine qua non* of music. Without melody music cannot exist. No amount of "preachment" from the any number of professors can cause any conglomeration of "horse-spurs" or "life-preservers" in the form and shape of crotchets and quavers to be accounted music if the ear fails to lay hold of any definite "melodic outline," and if this divine germ be there it can be buried in no amount of twaddling or incoherent poetry or words; it resists the most violent and determined efforts to kill it; scream it on the piccolo or grunt it on the trombone, the melody remains a melody still, like a gem of the first water—bad setting cannot mar its lustre; like a star, it only shines the brighter the darker its surroundings. Of what paramount importance is a good melody? "See to it," said old Father Haydn, "that your air be good. Some modern critics have 'pooh-poohed' his *Creation* (as Mendelssohn did),* but these generally were conscious of their sad deficiency with regard to this divine gift, and so borrowed wholesale from the melodies of those who had preceded them. They may rely that their wares are properly appreciated. It is amusing to notice the influence on the production of melodies by men's avocations. The street cries, from "Caller Herring" to "White sand," have furnished themes for the innate musical sense to

gradually build a tune on. The "mill wheel" has been the accredited medium of suggesting some rare "tit-bits" of genuine melodic inspiration. The "sailor's song" is phrased, as the looker on may easily observe, according to the length of the tackle, or the stroke of the oar; the swing of the hand-spike in weighing anchor, or the pumping ship, or the trimming of the sails. Jack will adapt his tune to the number of men employed, and if its phrases are not found to suit, will change his melody or alter it until it does. In all this there is scope for the inventive faculty, every man exercises to the utmost his "right of judgment" in shaping up various forms of melody; yet how extremely rarely do we meet with anything really original and beautiful. If it is original it is ten to one that the strain is not beautiful; if it is beautiful it is rarely original. These indicate a few of the sources of "melodic outline." Since its acknowledged sway over all hearts is so universal, an attempt to enquire from whence it comes can scarcely be without some interest to musical men. So evanescent a feature of the imagination can scarcely be pointed out; it cannot be caught and analyzed; still, in these days when light itself is being weighed, and its component parts being guessed at, an effort in the direction of bringing at will to our presence so lovely a handmaid as melody; impressing an enduring form upon a fleeting fancy is, to say the least, indulging in a "dream of joy" out of which few would wish to be prematurely waked. The first step I take it to be in the pursuit of melody, is to free oneself from the shackles of written scales (mentally) and then to listen for the inner divisions of notes and scales which will assuredly present themselves if the singing birds are attentively regarded. Then, having attained to some ideal, he will assimilate the material, written or uttered music, with the imagined immateriality (but not less real existence) within him. Not seeking to shape the fancy to the means of expression, but seeking to draw up the means of expressing his fancy's swaddling as near as possible to his ideal creation. The means of communication, pen, ink, and paper, the written notes, should be made to convey as much of the imagined outline as can be reduced to written characters, to some permanent shape and form. If yet another thought might be added, let it be imagined the salient points of any acceptable melody always agree with themselves, and would, if picked out, make harmony; so the features of a secondary degree of interest will, if another selection be made, agree with themselves, and if yet further, the residue will produce a number of sounds which, if they could be made all at one moment, would be found to produce harmony. Modifications in floriture of these supposed fundamental principles will of course evolve new thoughts, but will only prove more convincingly the soundness upon which this theory of melodic inspiration is humbly hazarded.—Yours, &c.,

IDEALIZER.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The following appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 3rd inst:—

"The Italian opera season is drawing towards a close, but without any indications of that success for which, we may safely assume, managers have been anxiously waiting and hoping. A cloud has hung over the fortunes of both houses from the beginning; and the public have been resolutely deaf to the voice of the charmer, though he has often charmed wisely. There is no denying the result, however obscure may be the cause. At Covent Garden Mesdames Patti and Lucca seem to have exerted far less than their old attraction; not even the former, in a pretty dress and a new part, being able to rouse an indifferent public to the desirable point of enthusiasm. At Drury Lane, but one singer—Mlle. Nilsson—has 'drawn,' and she lay by in enforced idleness during the most precious weeks of the season. All the rest—Murska, Volpini, Lewitzky, &c.—have sung to listless audiences more or less scanty in numbers. We cannot pretend to explain what to not a few must appear an inexplicable phenomenon. Whether the reason be that money is scarce; that the opera, as at present conducted, is losing its hold upon society; or that it is now passing through one of those reactionary stages which affect all things, are questions, we have neither time nor inclination to discuss. This, however, is certain, that non-success does not result from any falling off in attraction. No city in the world can boast of an aggregation of talent like that which London persistently declines to appreciate. Nilsson, Patti, Lucca, Sessi, Volpini, Tietjens, Murska, Trebelli, Mario, Faure, Santley, Mongini, and a score of others, make up an array of artists able, one would imagine, to transform a city of Puritans into enthusiastic opera-goers. But London holds aloof, and guinea stalls are hawked in Bow Street at a fifth of their price. For some reasons this state of things is regrettable; on other grounds it has features of a hopeful sort. If the fact be that opera has lost its exclusiveness and is, therefore, neglected by those whom its exclusiveness attracted, the beginning of the end has come, and the whole thing will have, eventually, to be re-established on a broader and more popular basis. In other words, the day of high prices and the artificial fabric those prices symbolize and sustain are numbered; and they may be followed by a system based upon the natural and healthy sympathies of an art-loving public. If this be so, let us say again the present condition of opera matters, however unpleasant for the time, may be represented by a dark cloud with a very bright lining."

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher has, "in recognition of his distinguished artistic merit," been appointed Royal Chamber Virtuoso to the King of Saxony.

* This is new to us. Will "Idealizer" give us his authority?—Ed. M. W.

CHURCH MUSIC IN LONDON.—No. II.

CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The *Court Journal*, week by week, informs the ardently loyal and the musically curious what anthem regaled the ears of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the Divine service they usually attend at the Chapel Royal, and it also particularizes the solo singers and the organist honoured by being the executants. I cannot but think that if it published the forms and colours of dresses worn by the Court it would command more general interest; for surely millinery has more worshippers than music. Few care about the doings of Master Treble, or Messrs. Alto, Tenor, and Bass, but very many like to learn the grades of charms the Princess presents when in blue, or pink, or white, and the diminutive congregation notices not the notes of the red-coated choristers or the pent-up tones of the huge bearded choirmen, whilst her sweet form is visible. Often have I seen the lips of her fellow-worshippers moving to words of prayer and praise, whilst their eyes were lost in admiration of her radiant face. I would venture to assert, the shrine of no Catholic saint has ever had more ardent observers than the ugly pewed loft in which the most adored of our Royalty worships. Until her advent, the chapel at St. James's was but little visited by the Royal Family; for, since the mad youth, Oxford, shot at our then youthful Queen on leaving the chapel, her Majesty has never attended there except upon such State occasions as the marriage of the Princess Royal.

There are few places of greater historical interest to be found than this common looking chapel. Through its narrow stuffy portals have passed, like a gorgeous panorama, all the rulers of England for many centuries. Within its walls—like into an abiding frame—we may place picture after picture of the Courts of our Sovereigns of surpassing interest.

Thackeray has stretched his canvas there in sketching his Georges. He cynically draws his *Gentleman* George IV. "reeling into it to be married, and there hiccupping out his vows of fidelity." A more genial picture he gives of good George III., "who, fond of church music, showed skill in it, both as a critic and a performer, and who would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal, and if the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head." And what a soft, quiet, little "peep" he takes of his *German* George II., "whilst that godless old king is yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment. Whilst the chaplain is preaching, the King is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher."

Would that the same graphic pen had given us more such "peeps" of the preceding gracious Majesties at public worship. How well he knew St. James's in the reign of Anne, and how artistically could he have pictured them at prayers. "Our Kings at prayers" would verily have been a subject worthy of his sham-devouring pen.

The leading and most honourable post in the choir for centuries has been that of "Composer to their Majesties." Three centuries ago Tallis and his pupil, Byrd, were appointed. They were the first laymen that ever held that honourable office. Since then we have had a perfect succession of composers, in which almost every English musician of eminence has been placed, including Blow, the great Purcell, Croft, and Goss, the last of the race, for with him the office dies, and the race becomes extinct. How interesting would be a history of these composers. Lord Campbell has written the lives of the Chancellors; Dean Hook is writing the lives of the Archbishops; have we no one to do the like by our "Composers to Royalty"? I would recommend the subject to the graphic pens of Mr. Thaddeus Egg or A. S. Sullivan, Esq., more especially to the latter. His courtly training and boyhood's experience give him every qualification, and he would thereby fulfil another expectation raised in me by him when he was one of the "children of Her Majesty's Chapel," arrayed in red coat and folding surplice, like a well boiled lobster bursting out of a night-dress.

When the Prince of Wales formed his establishment the Chapel, from its State character and contiguity to Marlborough House, became his place of worship; and great alterations were made, especially in the Morning Service, which was found sadly too long, not that the prayers were objected to, Oh! no; but the music was "long drawn out"; chant succeeded chant, and anthem followed services for some two hours; till some such message was sent as that to the musicians of Cyprus:—"Masters, here's money for you; and the General so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care."

Thus it came to pass that the greater portion of the Morning Service music has since been done, so as not to be heard, at least by the inmates of Marlborough House. The service is divided into halves; the first

part commencing at ten o'clock, the second at twelve o'clock, the Court of the Prince usually attending the latter.

A Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and his Lordship the Dean, for the purpose of reconstituting the choir, and for the improvement of the music. The choir previously to that time consisted of sixteen men, eight of whom were supposed to be in attendance every alternate month. There were also two composers and two organists, who unitedly represented the organ-loft. It was determined by the Commission to reduce the choir to eight men, who should be in constant attendance; to suppress the office of composer; and to appoint one organist only, who should be held responsible for the services. These improvements were happily attended with economy to the State; for sweet are the uses of economy to Lord Commissioners, when even they are practised on "gentlemen of her Majesty's household." The practical sense of the then Dean (Bishop Tait) hit the prime evil in the management of the music by deposing the non-musical clergyman from its government. The Sub-Dean up to that time ever had the selection of the music, and I need hardly say that often anthems were selected unworthy, and oftener unfit for such a place as the Chapel Royal. The worthy "Sub" may have possessed classical acquirements or theological ability; he may have been as amiable as orthodox—yet his absolute ignorance of the musical art disqualified him from being the musical director. Dean Tait saw this and altered it. When will the Deans and Chapters of our English cathedrals do the like? With the acclamation of the whole choir Mr. George Cooper was appointed Choirmaster, and made responsible for all matters musical, and the consequence has been most beneficial; anthems are now selected that are appropriate, and singers named to perform them that have the necessary specific talents for the parts. Seniority, and not ability, used to fix the solo singers; and so for many years a man in full possession of his powers had to give place to one that age had deprived of the gift of vocalization, and to wait until his front teeth were gone before he could demand to be fully heard. The character of the music selected is now in accordance with the taste of the age. Anthems and services by Smart, Macfarren, Sterndale, Bennett, Hopkins, and Goss, are now heard in fair proportion with the old writers—in fact, the desire to interest and please by the most legitimate musical means has been the object, and success has certainly followed the conduct of the master. The choir always possessed good vocalists; but for many years its singing was not a very "dainty dish to set before a king." Now, it is led and accompanied by Mr. George Cooper, it certainly takes rank with the best in the kingdom. The Chapel itself is ill adapted for musical purposes. Its interior is somewhat like a huge omnibus, and is just as stuffy and dull for sound. The voices are still further stifled by being surrounded by the congregation. I cannot but think if they were removed apart, and placed at the end of the Chapel the effect would be improved, although they may thereby lose the vocal assistance they now often have of such illustrious persons as a Royal Duke or a Premier, an Earl or a Baronet.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, P. G.

—o—

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL AT NEW YORK.

Voluminous reports are to hand about this affair. It is, however, only needful for us to print the report given in *Watson's Art Journal*, apropos of the sixth performance, from which a fair idea of the whole can be gathered:—

"As this was the day specially set apart to do honour to the memory of Beethoven, the smallest audience of the series responded with stupendous enthusiasm, and vented their classic delight in roars of admiration at the graceful but ponderous strokes of the hammers on the anvils, and the fanciful and dulcet blastings of twelve-pounder guns. It seems the special province of New York to exhibit itself in the most contemptible guise, when any art point might be made. The public, on the subject of music, is a great ignorant creature, more to be pitied than blamed, for it has been taught by the supercilious, bigoted, and mostly uncultivated conservators of education, to look upon the art as of no importance. But how the programme-makers of this festival could deliberately insult the memory of the great master they profess to have met to honour, by placing on the special Beethoven programme with other trivialities the 'Anvil Chorus' with its melodramatic trimmings, we are at a loss to conceive. In point of taste it was execrable, and it was a mocking insult to the intelligent musicians of the city.

"The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven—poor, bedraggled, but mighty master—was conducted by Mr. Carl Bergmann, who modestly observes that any man who does not bow down and worship those children of Babel—Liszt and Wagner—as he does, must have some extensive weakness in the upper region where the brain is usually situated. Still, strange to say, he directed the symphony well, securing for it as much artistic colouring as the surrounding circumstances permitted. The *Fidelio* overture was performed with much delicacy and admirable effect, and was also conducted by Mr. Bergmann; and

here let us inform an admiring world that the two compositions just named were the only selections from his works upon the grand monumental programme to the memory of Beethoven!

"Signor P. Brignoli, who is insured in the 'Mutual Preservation and Plunder Critical Consolidated Company,' sang his pet aria from *Martha* (who wrote the 'Last Rose of Summer') in his usual manner, which generally pleases the public, and did so especially on this occasion, for his voice was in first-rate order. But he behaved very badly to Mozart. There was no occasion for him to attack the deceased composer in the way he did. If there had been any ill feeling between them in their youth it might have been buried in his grave. By the way where is Mozart's grave? Where is the body of one of the most gifted of God's creatures, who bequeathed an immortal name to the German people, and received in return almost a pauper's funeral and a nameless grave! Well, Signor Brignoli sang 'Il mio tesoro' very badly, indeed. He laboured and gasped through it in the most unmeaning manner, making no point of intelligent interpretation; he, however, reserved himself for the grand closing note, which he struck vigorously, and immediately the public went into a fit of ecstasy, as it was proper it should do.

"Madame Anna Bishop was very cordially received by the public, and sang the well-known aria, 'Gratias Agimus,' with clarinet *obbligato*, in a very brilliant manner. Her execution was so dashing, and so true, and her enunciation so clear, that she won a unanimous encore, repeating, however, only the *cadenza*.

"Now Ludwig van Beethoven, respected and honoured master, if your manes be not appensed, if your apotheosis has not been grandly uttered, pray forgive these people, for they know not what they do."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA'S DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA.

(From the "New York Daily Tribune," June 20.)

On Wednesday next Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Carl Rosa will sail for England, bearing with them the hearts of the American public. Many a singer has won abundant popularity and wealth in the United States since this country became recognized as a legitimate field for musical enterprise, but none has ever endeared herself in such a peculiarly personal manner to her audiences as the accomplished and marvellous woman who is now about to leave us. When her handsome jovial face appears upon the stage, a smile of pleasure always runs around the hall. When the notes of that divine voice fall upon the ear every face settles into a look of content, and every musical want seems satisfied. We suppose Parepa must have left scattered all over this continent from New England to San Francisco, about two or three million personal friends, who never spoke to her in their lives and never expect to. She has been everywhere. She has conquered the most distant territories. She has turned even an Overland Stage Coach into a triumphal chariot, and carried her glorious song from Boston to the Great Salt Lake. What has she not done during her extraordinary American career? She tossed over a few English ballads, and we found in them a rare beauty we never suspected. She tried oratorio, and the spirit of the old composers filled her, and she gave such voice to their grandeur that we hardly to errate Handel now from any mouth but hers. Jubilees put her to the test, but she went on conquering. Ten thousand sang against her, cannon thundered at her side, five hundred musicians played their very loudest, and still above the multitudinous din soared that beautiful voice. Then she turned to the neglected opera, and straightway, with the best English company ever heard in this country, gave us masterpieces we never knew before, and added fresh leaves to her laurel crown. Mr. Rosa meanwhile has become recognized as one of the ablest of musicians, managers, and instrumental conductors, and shares with his wife the enviable reputation of keeping faith with the public and telling the truth—even on play-bills.

It is not the intention of Madame Rosa to sing during her visit to her native country, and all offers of an engagement have been refused. She will devote the summer to repose—for even with her extraordinary strength and vitality a little recuperation will not be amiss; and next season it is her purpose to be with us once more. With whatever plans she may come, whether the concert room, the oratorio, the English or Italian stage enlist her services, she will be affectionately welcomed in all parts of America.

HANOVER.—A grand concert will be given during the King of Prussia's visit here, by all the bands of the 10th Army Corps. There will be about 900 performers.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Reinecke has just completed a one-act comic opera, called *Durch Nacht zum Licht*. The libretto, taken from the French, is by Herr Grans, stage-manager at the Stadttheater.—Among the Bulow-Gleisse-Otto collection of books, lately sold by auction, was a manuscript by Mendelssohn; that, namely, of an eight-part chorus, with full band, the subject being the 114th Psalm: "Da Israel aus Egypten zog." It extends to fifty pages.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The fifth summer concert, given on Saturday last, was much more successful than any of its predecessors—a result logically arising out of the fact that it was much more attractive. There are charms necessarily belonging to any summer concert at the Crystal Palace, many of them independent both of music and its interpreters. Beautiful surroundings, ample room, air to which that of a London hall suggests, by contrast, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and a *coup d'air* not to be surpassed are enough in themselves to attract crowds, even were the difficulty of hearing much greater than it is. Nevertheless, music and its interpreters have an influence, the force of which could be measured by the overflowing audience of Saturday, which filled the transept from end to end with a compact mass, and occupied every "coign of vantage" with eagerness. Perhaps only one operatic name could now draw such a crowd; and we, therefore, hardly need say that Mdle. Christine Nilsson had been announced to take part in the concert. Strict faith was kept with the public, and the accomplished soprano's first appearance this season on a Crystal Palace platform was greeted as heartily as she herself could wish, even when in most exacting mood. Mdle. Nilsson sang first Verdi's "Ernani, involami," rendering both recitative and air with that perfect combination of technical skill and appropriate sentiment which is all her own. Whether she more excelled in one than in the other must be a matter of opinion; but assuredly we cannot imagine anything more powerful than her delivery of the recitative—a delivery in itself a proof of genius. Mdle. Nilsson's second air was "Dove sono," the prelude to which divine example of Mozart's un-failing tune gave her another opportunity of exhibiting masterly declamation. With what tender expression and finished skill the air was sung may be imagined, not the least merit being a clearness of enunciation which, without undue effort, made every note audible well-nigh to the remotest listener. General applause and a recall followed each song as a matter of course. Mdle. Lewitzky, who made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, was recalled after a sparkling delivery of Gounod's "Air des bijoux" (*Faust*), in addition to which she gave "Come il bacio" (a selection from Mozart's *Zaide* now forming part of *L'Oca del Cairo*) and joined Signor Bettini in "Parigi o cara." Her debut was in all respects successful, not without good and adequate reason. Mdle. Cari, the young American contralto, who recently left Covent Garden for Drury Lane, to the advantage of the latter, executed in admirable style Mercadante's "Or là sull' onda," and took part with Signor Foli in "Bella immaga" (*Semiramide*); winning after each loud applause. Signor Bettini gave "Una furtiva lagrima;" Signor Verger was heard to advantage in "Il mio rimorso" (*Dinorah*) and "Il Balen;" and Signor Foli conferred all possible importance upon the unimportant air from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Vieni; la mia vendetta." The solo instrumentalist was Mdle. Terese Liebe, who played a movement from De Beriot's not very striking first concerto for violin, and exhibited powers of a high order. The lady's tone, style, and execution are good enough, we imagine, to secure for her as much favour as she can desire, even while Madame Norman-Neruda's success is yet fresh. Auber's *Exhibition* overture and Beethoven's *Leonora* were played in capital style; the Crystal Palace Choir also taking part in the concert. Mr. Manns conducted.

PROVINCIAL.

HEDON.—The second festival of parochial choirs within the rural deanery of Hedon, was celebrated at St. Augustine's on 30th of June. The following is the programme of the music at Evensong:—Hymn before the service, "O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord," from the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book," edited by the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick. The Psalms were sung respectively to single chants—Butterhill in G, the grand chant, Dr. E. F. Monk, in C, Gregorian 8th tone, 2nd ending. Dr. Monk also supplied the music for both the *Magnificat* and the *Nunc Dimittis*. The hymn after the third Collect was "Daily, daily, sing the praises," to a tune by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard; that before the sermon, "Hark the Sound of Holy Voices," to music by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, and that after the sermon, "Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem," arranged by W. R. Monk. An eloquent sermon on the importance of reverence and order in the conduct of Divine worship, was preached from Psalm cxxxvii. 4, by the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby, Rector of Wollaton-with-Cosall, Notts. The collection amounted to £7 10s. The voices numbered 156, and included the choirs of Hedon, Sprotley, Roos, Easington, Elste, Elsternwick, Halsham, Burstwick, and Withernsea, and the singing was highly creditable.

BURN.—On the 23rd June, the Theatre was burnt to the ground. The fire broke out a little after six o'clock in the evening, just as the doors had been opened for the admission of the public. It was occasioned by the gas in the chandelier suddenly flaring up, and setting light to the ceiling.

THE LATE JAMES BENNETT.

(From the "Manchester Courier.")

In our obituary recently, it was our sad province to record the death, at his residence in Brighton, of James Bennett, one of the last "Manchester worthies" of the past generation of Lancashire musicians. It will be very pleasant to his few survivors, and perhaps not a little interesting to his successors in one of the "divine arts," to have before them a short sketch of his career from one who knew him well and intimately. He was born within the precincts of the "Old Church" (now the Cathedral). He knew Cheese, the blind organist, and as a chorister-boy, was the pupil of William Sudlow, the successor of Cheese as organist of old Father Smythe's beautiful organ, the whole of which is now dispersed, except that little choir organ now in the Derby Chapel and containing (or once containing) the exquisite *vox humana*; and Sudlow always spoke of him as his "best lad—eh t' best lad by far." This "best lad by far" had to pass through that anxious period which tries the sweetest voices, and he came out a bright tenor. But in Bennett's case the Scriptural proverb was once more verified: He was not "a prophet" in his own country; and he tried "fresh fields and pastures new." He went to London. He won a certain appreciation there—at Exeter Hall. He attracted the attention of Lord Burghersh, and was once named by the Duke of Wellington, as director, for that turn, of the concert of the Society of "Ancient Musicians" (now long since defunct). He acquitted himself so well that shortly afterwards he was engaged to sing at the (second?) Manchester Musical Festival, and at the Chester Festival (for which special occasion an organ was built by Wren & Boston, of Manchester, which was afterwards placed in St. George's Church, Hulme, and is still there.* After these events Bennett went to Italy and placed himself under a *maestro*, who had cultivated, in a very quiet way, some voices that afterwards were "known to fame." This instructor kept Bennett in his "scales," very much to the disgust of Bennett's vanity, but when the master had "done with his pupil" in this way, although he did not dismiss him with the assurance that he was the "finest tenor in Europe," as another professor in an earlier day had said to another pupil, who was destined to fill Europe with his fame, and made fame into money. Well, Bennett came home again; and then he entered into an engagement with Signor Créveli, the eminent teacher on the Italian system. This first engagement lasted some time, until Braham built the St. James's Theatre, and formed an English opera company. Bennett, next to the great tenor himself, was the first tenor, and sung with great applause, though he did not, and could not, then pretend to be an actor. That adventure, as we all know, came to an untimely end, and the company was dispersed. About this time Mr. Richard Cudmore, at that time leader of the Manchester "Gentlemen's Concerts," composed and brought out *The Martyr of Antioch*, framed on the words of Dean Milman, of St. Paul's Cathedral. Cudmore brought down Bennett to take the principal tenor parts; and, in the Theatre Royal, then in Fountain Street, the oratorio was performed to a crowded and very enthusiastic audience—Bennett singing the beautiful tenor song, "Come, Margarita." James Bennett then returned to London—to his concert-singing and his teaching; and he married. He married a lady who was his pupil. She was a daughter of a Mr. Brown, who was an engineer, and concerned in the draining of the "Haarlem Meer." By this lady he had a daughter, now the wife of Mr. Theodore Jensen, a painter residing in India, and a son, who died very shortly after the death of his mother, the first Mrs. Bennett. But we should mention that at about the time of this marriage, and in consequence of Bennett's success in Braham's company, the late Signor de Begnis engaged him to appear as first tenor in a series of Italian operas, which were represented in Bath, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin. To the astonishment of his Manchester friends, the great Italian showman "underlined" Bennett in the bills, as "Signor Bennetti"! ("Ah! de English vill not hav you if you com out as de English Bennett," was the excuse of the Italian *impressario*). Bennett's sweet and remarkably well-cultivated tenor voice made him a great favourite wherever he appeared, but he had not sufficient experience to make him a finished actor. At Dublin he was attacked with typhus fever and he lost the sight of an eye, and was disabled for a long time in a leg. This proved to be the end of his career on the lyric stage. He returned to London, and devoted himself to his true vocation. He returned to his concert singing and his teaching. He rejoined Signor Créveli and trained many pupils, some of whom afterwards made a name. He was appointed professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and "a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's." He and Créveli established singing classes, which were very successful until the powers of the former began to fail; and then Bennett joined "Tom Cook," the famous glee writer, and these "part and sight singing classes" produced quite a sensation among the higher classes for several seasons, and indeed, until his growing infirmities of bodily health compelled Cook to give up the enterprise. But Bennett persevered; and with the aid of his pupils, and some professional assistants, he was the first man to bring out in London, at his house in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. He had seen, by mere accident, the MS. at D'Almaine's, and borrowed it, and, at considerable cost, obtained permission to produce it and perform it. There were present at this private performance the Marchioness of Townshend and

* Afterwards a remarkably fine organ was built by Gray & Davison, and placed on the roof screen of Chester Cathedral, where it still remains.

daughters, the ex-Justice of the Queen's Bench, the present Sir John Coleridge and a great crowd of musical connoisseurs. It was a success, and, it may be, gave an impetus to the future fame of this (for Rossini) unique work in this country. Still, Bennett stuck fast hold of that "Lancashire system in part and sight singing" in which he was trained as a boy. He drew up a lecture, which was delivered at the Marylebone Institute, at the Manchester Royal Institution, at the old "Meal House" in Hyde's Cross, and elsewhere, —still pursuing his instructions, in classes, at his private residence in London. In 1843, Messrs. Cramer, Addison, & Co., of Regent Street, published parts 1 and 2 of his "Practical Introduction to Part and Sight Singing;" but before that he had published, at the price of 12s., his "Elementary Exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice, arranged in accordance with the system of instruction successfully pursued by the author, professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music." Bennett wrote many charming songs and duets, but he published only a very few—among these, his famous song, "The Exile's Farewell," the words by the late W. H. Bellamy, beginning "Daughter of beauty"—which he was accustomed to sing to his own beautiful accompaniment; "Lullaby," "Silent Tears"—a song with German and English words, and a charming duet, for tenor and contralto, "See the night comes." There are other compositions in MS., of equal merit, that have been sung in private, but have never yet been seen or heard by the outside public, and, perhaps, never will. Later in life Bennett married for his second wife (who survives him) Miss Gordon, who was well known and most highly respected by families of distinction in this city and its vicinities as the principal of a young ladies' boarding-school of high repute at Brighton. Such is the brief biography of a "Manchester worthy," now, unhappily, of a past generation. Full of the fervour of affection, tempered with a true and an earnest piety, James Bennett has gone to his rest, leaving but few surviving friends, but not one who will not cherish his memory.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., publishes the following address to the readers of *All the Year Round* :—

"PERSONAL."

"It was my father's wish, expressed in writing only a week before his death, that I, his eldest son, and latterly his assistant Editor, should succeed him in the management of the Journal so long associated with his name. In accordance with this clearly-expressed desire, and strong in the hope inspired by so encouraging a mark of his confidence, I address myself to the fulfilment of the task which he appointed me to discharge. It is intended that the management of *All the Year Round* in the future shall be based on precisely the same principles as those on which it has up to this time been conducted. The same authors who have contributed to its columns in time past will contribute to them still. The same spirit which has in the past pervaded its pages will, so far as conscientious endeavour may render it possible, pervade them still. The same earnest desire to advocate what is right and true, and to oppose what is false and unworthy, which was the guiding principle of my father's career, and which has always characterized his management of *All the Year Round*, will, I most earnestly hope, continue to be apparent in its every word. So much, then, being the same, it may not be presumptuous in me to hope that the same readers with whom this Journal, and that which preceded it, found favour for so many years may still care to see the familiar title page on their tables as of old. With this brief explanation of the course I propose to adopt, and omitting all reference whatever to my own personal feelings in connexion with the great sorrow which has rendered this statement necessary, I leave the future Journal to speak for itself. 'It is better that every kind of work, honestly undertaken and discharged, should speak for itself than be spoken for.' These were the words with which my father inaugurated the new series of *All the Year Round*. I cannot do better than repeat them in this place.

"CHARLES DICKENS, JUN."

WEIMAR.—The "model" performances, as they are called, of Herr R. Wagner's operas began with *Der Fliegende Holländer*. The attendance was respectable, but nothing like what had been prophesied by the adherents of the Prophet. There were plenty of places to be had any time during the evening.

Puzzles.

No. I.

It is a puzzle to me that Pauline Lucca should, for so many years, have been generally accepted in London as a singer and actress of the first class—as one worthy, in short, to rank with Tietjens, Patti, and Nilsson (or Patti, Nilsson, and Tietjens; or Nilsson, Tietjens, and Patti).

An Ancient Dilettante.

MARRIAGE.

On the 25th ult., at St. Giles's Church, Camberwell, LIZZIE, youngest daughter of GEORGE PERREN, Esq., to Mr. THOMAS BENFIELD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMELE.—Signor B— sings tolerably well, but has not the remotest idea of imparting dramatic significance to any character he assumes. M. P—'s French tone of voice and unhappy *vibrato* are hardly compensated by his other qualities. The stentorian Herr W—, who, after some years' absence, has unaccountably cropped up again, is, as he was formerly, in a histrionic sense, null. The voice is metallic in quality, powerful and telling in the higher notes, when its owner has husbanded his breath so as to take them effectively (which seldom happens), but by no means musical. Signor G—'s voice is in better condition than it was last season; but to expect him to use it with more art would be to look for Utopia. Louder singing than his has never been heard; and yet it is rarely effective, because it is throughout ill-balanced. In short, he is honestly neither singer nor actor, while his pronunciation of Italian is unique. These, at any rate, are our convictions, and they are much at the service of Madame "Semele."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

A QUEEN'S CONCERT.

"BY command of the Queen a State Concert was given last evening (Wednesday) at Buckingham Palace, to which a party of nearly 800 were invited." The programme was as follows:—

Overture, "The Men of Prometheus"	Beethoven
Chorus of Women, "The deep-red Sun" (<i>Ulysses</i>) ...	Gounod.
Trio, "The Hawthorn in the Glade" (<i>The May-Queen</i>), Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley	W. S. Bennett.
Arietta "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch" (<i>Der Freischütz</i>), Mdlle. Liebhart	Weber.
Aria, "Al raggio fulgente" (<i>L'Oca del Cairo</i>), Signor Gardoni	Mozart.
Cradle-Song, "Peacefully slumber," Madame Patey (Harp <i>obligato</i> , Mr. John Thomas)	A. Randegger.
Duetto, "Sull' aria" (<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>), Mesdames Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca	Mozart.
Romanza, "Astro gentil" (<i>Tannhäuser</i>), Mr. Santley ...	Wagner.
Cavatina, "Come per me" (<i>La Sonnambula</i>), Madame Mombelli	Bellini.
Part-Song, "As the Sunshine to the Flower"	W. G. Cusins.
Cavatina, "Ernani, involami" (<i>Ernani</i>), Mdlle. Christine Nilsson	Verdi.
Romanza, "Raggio d'amor" (<i>Il Furioso</i>), Signor Mario ...	Donizetti.
Romanza, "Kennst du das Land?" (<i>Mignon</i>), Madame Pauline Lucca	A. Thomas.
Chanson de Magali, "La brise est douce" (<i>Mireille</i>), Madame Mombelli and Signor Gardoni	Gounod.
Aria, "Ah! fors'è lui" (<i>Traviata</i>), Madame Adelina Patti	Verdi.
Pao, "Ah! morir" (<i>Ernani</i>), Mdlle. Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario	Verdi.
Quartetto, "Mentre il pie" (<i>Marta</i>), Mesdames Adelina Patti and Patey, Signor Mario and Mr. Santley ...	Flotow.
March and Chorus, "With sheathed Swords" (<i>Naaman</i>), solo, Madame Patey	Sir. M. Costa.
God Save the Queen.	

Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins.

"The band and chorus, consisting of upwards of 160 performers, were selected from the Italian Operas, the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, and her Majesty's private band."

Good. Nevertheless, take away Kings and Queens (not to speak of Emperors and Empresses), Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, Earls, Viscounts,

and Lords by courtesy (both sexes included), and we will wager 100 sovereigns of the realm against anyone pointing out the musical amateur, however ravenous, who would sit through such a programme. Happily, Kings, Queens (not to speak of Emperors), Princes, Dukes, and so forth (both sexes included), are generally disposed to talk all through the musical performance to which the "800" are usually invited. What a farce is the whole thing! What a way of treating an art that should be held sacred by those to whom, from their elevated position, all things that are sacred to our common humanity should be more or less sacred! Her Majesty the Queen discreetly kept aloof from the concert given to the "800" (the "600" at Balaklava were much better employed), and left the Prince and Princess of Wales to do the honours. With the fact that the Prince is a great musical connoisseur few are cognisant.

To what does the whole amount?—Simply to a scheme for putting so much money (the British nation's money) into the pockets of foreign artists, good, bad, and indifferent. True (as a consolation), there was, at least in the programme, a harp *obligato*, played by a distinguished native of the "Principality," to a Cradle song, the composition of a foreigner; true, Mr. Santley—a stubborn Englishman if there was ever one—sang one of the most hideous foreign songs in existence (see programme); and true, there was a part-song by Mr. W. G. Cusins, conductor of her Majesty's private band. But even these, added to a trio from the *May Queen*, also by an Englishman (though meritorious, perhaps of less mark), confided to Christine Nilsson, Italo Gardoni, and Charles Santley, could hardly make up for—&c., &c., &c.

A. S. S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* are delighted with the story of Lady Godiva, which has just reached them through the *International*. From the enthusiasm inspired it is to be foreseen that the legend so poetically treated by Tennyson will ere long fall into the hands of Offenbach. "Tom Peeping," as he is called, will make a part for Dupuis, and Mdlle. Schneider the impersonator of grand duchesses will, of course, represent "la blonde Anglaise." One can fancy "le Comte de Caventry" drawn, by the creator of Lord Boun, as an eccentric mediæval nobleman, a grotesque embodiment of feudalism, a sort of British "Sire de Framboisy." But the scenes between Lady Godiva and "Tom Peeping," who will naturally be Lady Godiva's lover, are expected to form the remarkable incidents of the work.

THE *Entr'acte* of last week contained the following:—"A Drury Lane, Faure et Mdlle. Nilsson ont joué *Otello*. Pour la première fois, un baryton s'attaquait au rôle si dramatique d'*Otello*. Comme on le pense Faure l'a parfaitement interprété." If the making of errors proceed on the cumulative principle, our contemporary will next state that the part of Desdemona was brilliantly sustained by Signor Foli.

SIGNOR ALARY, the immortal mutilator of *Don Giovanni* (for Signor Mario, in 1858), has resigned his post at the Théâtre Italien, and is succeeded by Signor Muzio, who undertakes the general duties of musical conductor. Signor Muzio's claims rest partly on the fact of his being a friend, fellow townsman, and pupil of Verdi, partly on his having directed the orchestra at the Italian Opera established under the auspices of the Khedive at Cairo. Very recently, Signor Muzio, in company with M. Bagier, manager of the Théâtre Italien, visited London for the purpose of making engagements—when all he secured was the right of playing Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*. From London, manager and conductor were to proceed to Italy, to see if Italy still boasts of singers, and if the operas she continues to produce are worth reproducing. Hopes are entertained of Signor Petrella, the most successful *maestro* since Verdi, and composer of some twenty works, not one of which has been performed in France or England.

AN event has just happened in Paris which illustrates the uselessness of crying out against paying large salaries to artists. Nicolini was in receipt of 108,000 francs per year, from M. Bagier; he asked for a rise of 24,000 francs; M. Bagier declined; an offer from Lisbon of 80,000 francs for five months was accepted; fifteen minutes after, M. Bagier conceded the augmentation.—Too late; and the *impresario* loses his tenor for standing out against exorbitant demands.

THE Paris *Entr'acte* compliments M. Faure on the style in which he plays Otello at Drury Lane, and remarks that "this is the first time the part of Otello has been taken by a baritone." According to this view, it is Mongini, we suppose, who represents Iago; in which case our contemporary might add that "this is the first time the part of Iago has been taken by a tenor." *Le Ménestrel* informs us that Covent Garden is in future to be kept open all the year round; that there is a chance even of its being opened on Sundays for the performance of oratorios; and that steps have been taken with the view of obtaining permission for such performances (which, be it observed, are not unknown in some of our provincial towns).

M. HERVÉ'S new opera, at the Variétés, is entitled *Le Trône d'Ecosse; ou la difficulté de s'asseoir dessus*. The heroine represented by Mdle. Devéria, is one Jane Stuart; Mdle. Aimée impersonates a Scotch girl, named "Flora MacRazor" who has an English rival—a sort of Rose Bradwardine, called "Julia Good-Morning." There is a pretender, styled "George the Fifteenth," and there are clansmen, belonging to "the clan of the Macs"—MacRaglan, MacAdam, and MacIntosh. If the music is half as good as the programme the piece may succeed. The Vienna papers speak of an opera by Mr. Benedict, the *Old Man of the Mountain*, as about to be brought out. At Ancona two amateurs fought a duel, without fatal result. One said that the opera *Frimmella*, was rubbish; the other contradicted him, and words were followed by blows. [The *Old Man of the Mountain* is simply the *Crusaders*, an opera for which, to a very clumsy book by the late Mr. Alfred Bunn, Mr. Benedict, in 1846, was ingenious enough to find beautiful music. Macfarren's *Don Quixote* was produced in the same year, immediately in advance of the *Crusaders*.—Our writers of "Occasionals" should be circumspect.—A. S. S.]

A SHAMEFUL outrage is reported from Warsaw. Some Russian officers of the garrison there have brutally insulted and maltreated, even to danger of life, the Viennese orchestral director Strauss. A band of officers came at midnight to the Swiss Garden, took supper, and, after an hour's revel, required the proprietor to give them music. But the performers, at that hour, were scattered all over the city; and the landlord protested that it would be impossible to bring them together again. One of the officers, deputy-director of police, personally acquainted with Strauss, thereupon wrote a letter desiring him to come at once to the Garden. Strauss, though surprised, complied; and on arriving, at half-past one was asked for a little music. Strauss declining, an officer threw him a hundred-rouble note, saying—"Here; you will play for that, I know!"—Strauss again declining, the moneyed officer struck him on the face. More than this, the offending musician was knocked down, trampled under foot, and now lies in a dangerous state. The story conveys its own moral. In this scene we see reproduced that arrogant assertion of brute force, over culture, refinement, and the spirit of freedom, which has made Poland wretched for a century, and may even yet give proof that "in her ashes live her wonted fires."

It appears that the National Theatre at Pesth is in pecuniary difficulties, and that, unless the Government extends a helping hand, the artists will sigh in vain for their salaries next month. The Emperor, it is true, allows this theatre the same subvention that he allows each of the two Imperial Theatres in Vienna, but a portion of the money is set aside for erecting a new building. To all appearances, however, it will be necessary to set something aside for procuring a new company as well, seeing that the members of the present one stand a good chance of being starved to death.

THE summer season is not that in which the showiest laurels are to be plucked on the French stage; but nevertheless, a certain M. Henri Becque, who once upon a time achieved a moderate success at the Théâtre du Vaudeville has contrived to make himself famous by a drama in five acts brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin with the title *Michel Pauper*. The difficulties surmounted by the author in rendering his piece visible to the public are doubtless to be enumerated among the causes of its good fortune. *Michel Pauper* had already been submitted to the Odéon where it was summarily rejected; but M. Becque, bearing in mind that the out-of-the-way temple of the legitimate drama receives a subvention from the government, argued within himself that he had duties as well as privileges, and that the duties involved the production of his play. He therefore laid his grievance before the Society of Dramatic Authors but these found the case beyond the pale of their jurisdiction. A bold measure was requisite, and a bold measure was taken. Determined to make the public the judge of his deserts, M. Becque hires the Porte St. Martin and engages a company of artists at his own expense. We are reminded of the exploit many years ago of the dramatic enthusiast, Mr. George Stevens, who brought out his *Martinuzzi* at the Lyceum. But whereas the Briton ridiculously failed, the Gaul is triumphant.

A PECULIAR practice is now introduced in every theatre of Russian Poland. At the conclusion of the performance the doors of the theatre are closed, like those of the English House of Commons previous to a division, and everyone is locked in. The curtain having been then raised, all the performers appear on the stage—the gentlemen in full-dress coats; the ladies in white—and bow before an illuminated painting, on which are the initials of the Emperor. The orchestra plays the Russian national hymn, and the whole audience, rising from their seats, take part in it. The police keep a sharp look-out to see that everyone contributes his or her share to this vocal tribute. It is not till the hymn is over that the doors are unlocked, and the audience at liberty to depart.

AT Vienna, on the 22nd ult., Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was, with a grand flourish of trumpets, seven grey horses (only three of the valiant knights in the suite of the Landgraf had the courage to mount their steeds), a host of mysterious creatures, supposed to represent falcons, and a respectable pack of dogs, duly transferred to the new Operahouse. Herr Richard Wagner himself, by the way, has written to correct the wonderful specimen of "euphemism": "that he had, with grateful recognition of the honour done him, declined complying with the request of the Beethoven Festival Committee to conduct the Ninth Symphony." He states publicly that he never answered the Committee at all. He was, therefore, purposely unpolite—to use a mild expression—and now he boasts of his unpoliteness. It is, however, a well-known fact that he was never otherwise, that he never felt an interest for any living soul but his precious self, and this tremendous moral slap in the mouth, with everything connected therewith, is a well-merited punishment for the Society of the Friends of Music, who attempted to secure the services of the Lucerne Egoist. They have now had to put up with Franz Lachner's refusal to officiate. What conductor, grown grey in honour, would ever share the work with the writer of the pamphlet, *On Conducting*? That incomparable artist, Herr Joachim, also, after alluding in an unmistakable manner to the proposed conductor, refused his co-operation, so that the Society will, probably, have to depend entirely upon their own resources.—The Vienna *Fremdenblatt* says that the real motive why Herr R. Wagner did not choose to accede to the request of the Society was that among the members of the Festival Committee there are two gentlemen not frantic admirers of his music.

THE grand rehearsal of Herr R. Wagner's latest effusion, *Die Walküre*, took place, at Munich, on the 24th June before a select few—about a thousand—who had received invitations. It lasted from twelve o'clock till a quarter past five, p.m. Of course, the Wagnerites present were in raptures—in ecstasies—in a frenzy of delight, but the majority of the audience were far from evincing a similar amount of undiluted enthusiasm. To tell the truth, they did exactly the reverse, and had the bad taste to manifest unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction. It was

only after the first act that there was anything approaching hearty applause. During all the second act, which, laden with bombastic fustian, musical and verbal, dragged its slow length along, for one hour and a half, by Shrewsbury—and every other—clock, there was not a hand. At the conclusion of the third, and last, act, the audience were so thoroughly worn out that it was with difficulty they could muster strength and resolution to get up a call for their fellow-sufferers, the victims on the other side the foot-lights. The pains taken in mounting the work exceeds, in the opinion of very competent judges, anything previously known, even in the case of works by the Prophet of the Future himself. Every one, even the Prophet's most fanatic admirers, must acknowledge the untiring efforts of the Intendant, Baron von Perfall, and of the conductor Her Wullner. Herr R. Wagner is deeply indebted to both, for, should the work succeed, its success will be attributable quite as much to the unflagging zeal and energy of these two gentlemen as to the *mise-en-scène*, splendour—and dangerous—though that is. As a German contemporary observes, Herr R. Wagner would experience some difficulty in meeting with another Intendant, who, after such gross attacks from a composer, would devote himself, from early morning to a late hour in the night, to ensuring the success of one whose aim it was morally to annihilate him.—The first regular performance took place on the 26th June. Of course, the Wagnerites declare it was a great success—a splendid triumph, but others not quite so blindly devoted to the master of Lucerne, are bold enough to differ, and, what is more, to say so publicly. There is, however, one fact connected with the first performance which cannot fail to gratify even Herr R. Wagner's most bitter foes: despite the "fire-effects"—effects which must strike terror into the hearts of those companies with whom the theatre is insured—the building was not burnt down—at least, not on the first night.—*Das Rheingold* is to be revived, and will alternate with *Die Walküre*.—The *Berlin Echo* says:—"For the general rehearsal of the first act of *Die Walküre*, the theatre was completely lighted up. The scene represents 'the interior of a dwelling,' in the midst of which a mighty oak rears itself. The roots of the 'hero-tree' are hid beneath the ground, but its leafy summit spreads over the roof, which slopes down from the trunk. A room is erected around the latter; this is Hunding's habitation, and, we may add, a magnificent specimen of the scene-painter's art. On the rising of the curtain, a fearful thunder-storm is raging, and a stranger seeks refuge in the hut. He is speedily captivated, 'in increasing *amittenness*,'* by the longing glances of Siegelinde, Hunding's wife, and, on the conclusion of the song—a love-song of an undisguisedly sensual character—"presses furiously to his breast" his hostess, in whom he has found and recognized his 'bride and sister'—his sister, too, by both the same parents. Upon this the 'curtain falls quickly.' This *finale* inhabitants of Munich already know, from having heard it at a concert at which Richard Wagner introduced himself to them, in December 1864, by giving fragments from his later works. In the second act, the famous 'ride of the Walkyres' will probably be remembered by the public of Vienna, from having been performed at one of the seven concerts given by Wagner during his residence in that capital, seven years ago. The dangerous fire-machinery in the second and the third acts, when the sleeping Brunhilde is surrounded by glowing flames, has been done away with, since, after all, people did not feel inclined to endanger the building, together with a number of human lives, even though it was for a 'Walkyre.'" The *Echo* might have interpolated "most" before "dangerous." There are still enough fire-effects left to satisfy a Guebre himself.

An idea is being ventilated which is worth consideration. It is proposed that the plan adopted throughout Italy of giving afternoon performances in open air theatres shall be tried in Paris. What reader of Dickens can have forgotten the sketch drawn in *Pictures of Italy* of the audience in an *al-fresco* amphitheatre seen from the novelist's house at Genoa? Was not something of the kind tried in the Pré-Catalan about ten years ago? If we are to have a succession of hot summers, the idea is worth entertaining, even for London. Our legislators may insist on sending us into theatres in July but they cannot prevent our making them cool.

* A pleasing Wagnerian neologism; Teutonic: *Ergriffenheit*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE concert given by Miss Megan Watts at 41, Upper Brook Street, on Wednesday week was of a character which hardly calls for much remark. The *bénéficiaire*—whom we need not introduce to the reader as a young Welsh vocalist of considerable attainments—sang Gluck's "Che farò," Macfarren's "Widow Bird" (violin *obbligato*, Mr. Henry Holmes); took part with Miss Wynne in a Welsh duet, and with MM. Dudley Thomas and Ciabatti in Randegger's perennial trio, "1 Naviganti." Her expressive style and good voice were shown to advantage throughout, obtaining a true meed of appreciation. Miss Watts was assisted by, in addition to artists already named, Miss Severn, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Köster, Mr. E. Silas, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Benedict, each of whom contributed one or more favourite pieces.

MR. ELLIS ROBERTS'S harp concert was given on Tuesday week, and attracted to St. George's Hall a large audience. Mr. Ellis Roberts executed two of his popular harp solos with great effect. His first fantasia was encored, and after his second he had to return to acknowledge applause. Both are brilliant compositions, containing several charming variations and ingenious passages. The instrumental music was varied by the delightful singing of Madame Patey, who was encored, in "Always alone." Miss Adelaide Newton's agreeable voice and singing were also much applauded. She gave Sullivan's "Bird in the Night" and "Auld Robin Gray" with marked effect. Miss Ellen Glanville contributed Meyerbeer's "Roberto, o tu che adori," and was no less successful. The pianist was the talented young artist, Miss Kate Roberts, who charmed the audience with Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," which she was called upon to repeat; and also displayed her classical taste in Mendelssohn's duo in D for pianoforte and violoncello, assisted by Mr. Edward Howell. The concert concluded with Cimarosa's trio, "My Lady the Countess," sung by Miss Alice Ryall, Miss Glanville, and Miss Adelaide Newton.

THE Architectural Rooms in Conduit Street, the Walhalla of designers of human habitations, temples, and bridges were thrown open on the evening of the 28th ult. for the purpose of Masters Charles and Arthur Le Jeune's harmonium, organ, and pianoforte performances. The playing of these youths was quite up to the standard of their former concerts, and it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon their skillful manipulation and tasteful rendering of the various pieces. A chorale with variations, the composition of Henry Smart, very much applauded, owing its success, not less to the composer's merit, than to the skill of Master Charles Le Jeune upon the American chamber organ. The singers were Madame Talbot-Cherier and Mr. Wallace Wells. The former gave a ballad from Dibdin's *Padlock*, re-arranged by Charles Salaman, and Linley's capital song, "Little Nell." The latter sang Mendelssohn's "The Stormy Spring," and Sullivan's "The snow lies white." The audience was large and fashionable.—H. L.

ON Wednesday week the annual choral festival of the Metropolitan and Suburban Schools was celebrated upon the Handel Orchestra, and every available seat was occupied by the children and their teachers. At least 5000 voices responded to the baton of Mr. John Hullah, whose efforts to improve the singing in schools and seminaries throughout the country have long been acknowledged. The accuracy and precision with which the young vocalists sang several well-known chorales as well as some secular pieces, were the theme of general admiration. The sacred pieces included Dr. Croft's psalm, "Ye boundless realms of joy;" Robinson's chant for the 19th Psalm; Scott's anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;" the prayer from Rossini's *Mosè*; Handel's duet, "Oh, lovely peace;" the grand chorus by the same composer, "Sing unto the Lord;" and Hullah's "All things bright and beautiful." The secular music was no less admirably selected, and comprised Calcott's "Mark the merry elves;" Neithardt's "May-day;" Hullah's "The birds;" "Auld lang syne," harmonized in four parts; and some other well-known and effective part-songs and choruses.

THE *matinée* given by Madame Nadine Nevidomski Dunord took place at the Marquis of Downshire's, Belgrave Square, on Monday. The vocalists on the occasion comprised Miss Arabella Smyth, Madame Crellin-Pyne, Miss Watts, Miss Enriques, Mr. Dudley Thomas, Signor Montelli, and M. Waldeck. S. los, on the harp by Mr. J. Thomas, and pianoforte by Signor Tito Mattei and Chevalier de Kontski, were also given, and warmly appreciated. Madame Dunord sang the well-known cavatina from *Lucrezia*, "Com è bello," with excellent taste and expression, and was deservedly applauded; she also obtained great applause in the "Valse Enchantresse," by M. de Kontski, and introduced a romance and *Chanson Russe*, composed by the Princess Koschubel. Mlle. Theresa Liebe, a young violinist, played a fantasia, by Vioutemps, on an air from *I Lombardi*. She possesses an agreeable tone and good executive skill. The accompaniments were supplied by Messrs. Benedict, Fiori, and Ganz. Among the distinguished company present were the Princess Czernicheff, Miss Duff Gordon, and Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador.—T.

Mrs. HENRY DAVIES gave a concert on Tuesday evening which attracted a full audience. Mrs. Henry Davies, who is an excellent pianist and harpist, displayed her abilities to advantage in Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor, Weber's *Polacca*, Mozart's sonata in D for two pianofortes (with Mr. Walter Macfarren); and in John Thomas's solo, "Autumn," a duet from *Sonnambula*, and a grand duet in E flat minor; in all of which she earned applause. Miss Edith Wynne, whom we were glad to see recovered from her late indisposition, sang some Welsh melodies, and was encored. Miss Elena Angele and Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Jules Lefort also took part. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied.

MADAME MONSERRAT gave a concert at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening. She sang G. W. Martin's new song, "Lothair," and an aria by Beethoven, in both of which she was encored. She was assisted by the Mlles. Doria, who sang Francesco Berger's duet, "Warning echoes," in excellent style; Miss Julia Sydney, Miss Seagrave, Miss James, and Madame Deck, with Messrs. Steadman, Deck, C. Lane, Scuderi, Albert and Herr Lehmyer, contributed several vocal and instrumental solos; and Messrs. F. Berger, H. Parker, Vascetti, and Lehmyer accompanied.

MR. and Mrs. RICHARD BLAGROVE gave their sixth and last concert on Thursday evening, to a large and appreciative audience, larger and more appreciative probably than on former occasions. Miss Eleanor Armstrong sang twice and sang well. Miss Foebroke contributed "Dove Sono," and was much applauded. Messrs. Balsir Chatterton and Cheshire played a harp duet which was particularly effective. Attempts were made to encore Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove in everything they performed, and certainly many encores are carried out with far less reason than that presented by Mr. Blagrove's fantasia, *Maria Padilla*; Mr. Blagrove's Impromptu (Chopin), and "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Perhaps the performance which more than any rivetted the attention of the audience, was the manuscript quintet by E. Silas, a composition of particular merit and beauty.—H. L.

MR. FRANK ELMORE's fifth annual concert took place on the 10th ult., in St. James's Hall, and attracted a goodly audience by means of goodly artists and goodly pieces. As a matter of course, the *beneficiaire* himself took a prominent part in the proceedings, singing, first of all, Bevilgnani's romance, "Amor che fu," and doing it so well as to win an encore, responding to which Mr. Elmore substituted "Non è ver." His next effort—a far more serious one—was made in connexion with "Deeper and deeper still." Here the concert-giver made a thoroughly legitimate success, the music both of recitative and air being sung with a taste and intelligence deserving high praise. Mr. Elmore also appeared to advantage as a composer, his song, "The Woodman's Son," entrusted to Mr. Harley Vinning, displaying more than ordinary merit. Mdlle. Maria Strindberg added much to the interest of the concert by playing Ries's pianoforte solo, "Elfenreigen" (encored), and Pfeiffer's "Quatrième Mazurka," both of which she gave excellently well. Miss Wynne, Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Patey, and other artists also had a share in the programme.

MISS ANNIE STOCKEN gave a concert at the Horns' Assembly Rooms, Kenning Park, on the 30th ult., which attracted a very numerous and fashionable audience. The programme contained several pieces of a classical character, and was altogether of unusual interest. Miss Stocken's solo performances comprised Beethoven's sonata in F sharp major, Schubert's Impromptu, in F minor, and Vincent Wallace's "La Rapidité," after each of which she was warmly applauded, and honoured with a recall. She also displayed her high executive ability and refined taste in Beethoven's sonata in C minor (Op. 30, No. 2), for piano and violin, and in a duo on *Guillaume Tell*, in both of which her coadjutor was Mr. Alfred Barnett. The latter of these pieces the audience insisted upon hearing repeated. In the vocal department, Mesdames Romanelli, Agnes de Salewska, Frederica Taylor, and Messrs. Renwick and Hubert lent their assistance. Madame Dryden contributed a harp solo.

A PERFORMANCE, musical and dramatic, took place at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday, for the benefit of Mdlle. Georgi, and resulted in a success not less great than it was deserved. The programme opened with Offenbach's *Rose of Auvergne*, the characters sustained by Miss Loseby (Fleurette), Mr. Bracy (Alphonse), and Mr. Perrini (Pierre). A brisker opening could not have been desired, and the gratification of a numerous audience was expressed by a hearty recall of the performers. A concert of vocal and instrumental music followed, sustained by artists of established excellence. The Sisters Georgi sang the duet, Rossini's "Giorno d'orrore," with which their names are associated; Mr. Santley was encored in his capital rendering of Molloy's "Wandering Jew;" Signor Gardoni obtained a similar honour in Paladilhe's "Mandolinata," substituting "La Donna è Mobile;" and Messrs. Benedict and Sloper played a duet for two pianos; in addition to all which other pieces interpreted by other artists added to the richness of

the programme. Following the concert, came a scene from *Black and White*, ably sustained by Miss Constance Georgi, Miss Gresham, and Mr. Vernon, who were recalled and deservedly applauded. The next item was *The Spitalfields Weaver*, in which Miss Henrie, Messrs. Toole, Billington, Teesdale, Bolton, and Harvey represented their respective characters to the delight of an audience thoroughly able to appreciate the good things set before them. A part of the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia* brought the entertainment to a close, and enabled Mdlle. Constance Georgi to make a legitimate effect with "Il Segreto," which she sang in capital style.

A CONCERT was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday week by Miss Amy Percivall, and fairly claims more attention than the average of benefit entertainments. Not only were the vocal selections made with unusual discrimination, but there was an allowance of classical instrumental music rare in extent and, as a whole, excellent in quality. The works of Mr. Hamilton Clarke, a composer new to us, were largely drawn upon, the most important example being a trio in D minor (MS.) for violin (Herr Deichmann), violoncello (M. Paque), and piano (Mr. H. Clarke), which deserves favourable notice, as much for its promise as for the success actually achieved. Mr. Clarke is an earnest musician, who has studied largely, and whose natural ability enables him to turn his knowledge to good account. So much the trio proves beyond doubt, while it secures for its composer's future efforts a respectful attention. Mr. Clarke was still further represented by two songs, "A Wild March Day," sung by Miss Percivall, and, "Lost Love," for which Madame Rudersdorff's expressive delivery obtained the rare honour of a morning encore. Both are good examples of what such works should be. Other songs were sung by Miss M. Galloway, a young artist whose promise for the future is of the highest, and whose voice and style were displayed to advantage in Ganz's "Faithful Echo," Miss Alice Fairman, who made a success in Randegger's pretty song, "Peacefully slumber," and Madame Rudersdorff, by whom the first-named composer's Canzone, *Marinella*—a graceful little work—was perfectly rendered. Mr. Lazarus added to the foregoing a capital fantasia for the clarinet, written by himself, and M. Paque contributed his own fantasia for violoncello on airs from *Don Giovanni*.

MR. OBERTHÜR, the accomplished harpist gave a *matinée* at his residence, on Wednesday, June 29, with the assistance of Mdlle. Orgéni, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Osborne-Williams, and M. Jules Lefort (vocalists); Le Chevalier de Kontski, Herr L. Straus, and M. Albert (instrumentalists). The *matinée* was under the patronage of the Duchess of Wellington, and the rooms were filled by a highly fashionable audience, evidently charmed both with the programme and the performance. Mr. Oberthür, in his happiest vein (which says no little), played his own concerto in G for the harp to admiration, and the orchestral parts, adapted by the author for the pianoforte, were confided to the practised hands of Mr. Hallett Sheppard. Mr. Oberthür's duo for piano and harp on airs from *Oleron* was also a marked success. In this the piano part was played by the Chevalier de Kontski. In the second part Mr. Oberthür gave his very effective piece, called *Souvenir de Londres* (solo), besides playing the harp *obligato* accompaniments to his graceful romance, "Je voudrais être" (the popular M. Jules Lefort being the singer) to an "Ave Maria" by Mr. Hallett Sheppard, and the "Willow song," from Rossini's *Otello*. The last performance of Mr. Oberthür was his trio in C major for violin, violoncello, and harp, in which he enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Herr L. Straus and M. Albert as violinist and violoncellist. The trio (the second for the same instruments), written by Mr. Oberthür, and comprising an *allegro*, *scherzo*, *andante*, and *finale*, is a work alike able and interesting. Though the last piece on the programme, it was listened to with the utmost attention, and no less satisfaction throughout. Solos were also played by Le Chevalier de Kontski, M. Albert, and Herr L. Straus (the last-named being especially successful in an *andante*, by the late regretted Ernst). The vocal music was accompanied by Messrs Hallett Sheppard and Parker, in a manner that left nothing to criticize; but both these gentlemen are "pianists" born and bred.

A CONCERT was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday week for the benefit of the Ascot Hospital for Convalescents and Incurables. The programme included a cantata, by a Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, entitled *God is Love*. The work is mainly a collection of hymns, by Bonar, Kettle, Osler, Warning, Heber, Waller, Monell, Bakewell, &c., joined to part of the 145th Psalm, Tate and Brady's version. The authoress states in her preface that "The music of the cantata is an illustration of the words which express experience of the Christian life, its double consciousness of joy and sadness, hope and fear, and abiding sense, through all, of the changeless love of God. This general idea of the whole work is given in the prelude, where the sadness which belongs to the brief life of earth is contrasted with the joy that is created by the hope of an endless life beyond the grave." She also states, "If I can thus make my work the means of benefiting others, the design of its publication will be accomplished." We regret

to state that as far as the Ascot Hospital is concerned, the funds will hardly be benefited, the attendance, notwithstanding the list of patrons and patronesses, being only moderate. The cantata opens with a prelude, which was well played by a small orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Weist Hill, and conducted by Mr. Joseph Robinson. The soloists were Miss Fennell, from Dublin, a promising contralto; Miss L. Horn, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. R. Smith. The last-named gentleman, who possesses a fine baritone voice, sang an air, "Life nor death shall us disaveer," in good style, as did Miss Fennell the solo, "Cling to the Crucified," Mr. Cummings, receiving an encore for his artistic delivery of "What are these like stars appearing?" a solo, with chorus of angels. Mr. Oberthür's harp playing in the accompaniments to two of the pieces added life to the cantata. The chorus was efficient and sang with spirit. We forgot to mention a trio for three female voices, "The meeting place," sung by the principal ladies, which was encored, perhaps, because so suggestive of Mendelssohn's "Lift up your eyes. We can hardly imagine that *God is Love* will become popular in London, though the merit of cleverness cannot be denied it. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Attwood's quintet, "Ye all who breathe," sung by the Dublin glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Miss Fennell, Messrs. Peel, Richard Smith, Hensley, and G. T. Kelly; they also gave some questionably harmonized Irish melodies, ending with Dr. R. Stewart's capital arrangement of "The Cruiskeen Lawn." Their voices harmonized well and told with effect. Mr. Hallé played one of his solos in his usual manner, Mr. Oberthür gave his harp "Meditation;" a pianoforte and violoncello duet, played by Mr. G. A. Osborne and Signor Piatti, obtained much applause; and Miss Fennell sang remarkably well Charles Salaman's "Oh! if thou wert mine own love."

The summer series of Mr. Leslie's concerts ended on Monday week with the performance of a miscellaneous sacred and secular programme in St. James's Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves excepted, all the artists were chosen from the Drury Lane opera troupe, and, as the selection of pieces was confined to special public favourites, we need hardly say that a very large audience assembled. The music being so well known, and so intimately associated with its interpreter, presents little occasion for critical remark, and our duty is confined almost wholly to that of reporting. Mr. Leslie's Choir was present, and, of course, took an important share in what was done, being able on this, as on all other occasions, to hold its own against any combination of attractions. The concerted pieces included Leo's fine motett, "Tu es sacerdos," Smart's "Ave Maria," Henry Leslie's part-song, "The Pilgrim," Mozart's matchless "Ave Verum," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the solo in which was correctly but not expressively given by Madame Sinico, Macfarren's part-song, "You stole my love," Sullivan's "O, hush thee, my babe!" the sentimental prettiness of which always wins favour, Fesca's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," Morley's "My Bonny Lass," and an arrangement of "Rule, Britannia." It will readily be believed that all were given in a style not far short of perfection, and that each won the loud applause of every amateur of choral music present. Among the solos those sung by Mdlle. Nilsson were of course, conspicuous. The favourite artist gave first, "Angels ever bright and fair;" following up that example of tender sentiment with the declamatory "Let the bright Seraphim," the *bravura*, "Spargi d'amore," and some of the quaint national melodies of her native land. Mdlle. Nilsson having presented these often, we are spared all criticism, and need only say that she delighted her audience beyond measure, and had to submit to "calls" and encores of the most demonstrative sort. Besides the solo already named, Madame Sinico gave a "Valse joyeuse" by Mattiotti, and joined Madame Trebelli and Signor Gardoni in "Ti prego." Madame Trebelli's solos were Stradella's "Se miei sospiri" and "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), each being perfectly sung and much applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves contributed nothing but well known favourites such as "Deeper and deeper still," "In native worth," and "The Requit;" but to hear him sing these is a treat of the highest order, so faultlessly are they delivered. Signor Gardoni was heard in his often heard "Mandolinata," and Schubert's "Secret," Signor Foli's choice being confined to Rossini's "Sorgete" (*Maometto*) and a song from Schachner's *Israel's Return*, which he sang very well indeed. Mr. Leslie conducted and Mr. Callcott efficiently acted as accompanist.

HAMBURG.—The King of Prussia will visit this city, on his way to and from the manoeuvres to be shortly held in Holstein. A "festival" performance is to be given in honour of the Royal visit, at the Stadt-theater, and the work selected is a three-act comic opera, entitled *Die Zielen'schen Husaren*, by Herr W. Scholz. The present operatic company is anything but first-rate, so the manager has set out on a voyage of discovery, in the hopes of engaging some artists worthy of appearing before His Majesty of Prussia. The same opera will, also, be performed during the same monarch's approaching visit to Hanover. The composer is, no doubt, delighted at the idea of his work being chosen for performance on both occasions. Whether his Majesty will be equally pleased remains to be seen.

W A I F S.

Mr. E. Falconer has returned to England.

Herr Jules Stockhausen has left London for the Continent.

M. Ambrose Thomas and M. Heugel have returned to Paris.

Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. Levy, the cornetist, are in San Francisco.

Signor Muzio has been engaged by M. Bagier as *chef d'orchestre* of the Italiens in Paris.

An overture by Signor Bottesini has been played at Baden, and is highly spoken of by the critics.

Sir Michael Costa was present both at the general rehearsal and the first performance of *Mignon* at Drury Lane.

A French paper states that Madame Schneider is going to play *Le Petit Faust*, during her London engagement (!).

The sum subscribed towards a monument in honour of the late Lefebure-Wély now amounts to 5,877 francs.

The subscription to complete the restoration of Worcester Cathedral has advanced so rapidly that, already, £12,600 of the required £15,000 has been raised.

Mr. Villalonga's company for Spanish Opera, which has arrived at Panama from Mexico and San Francisco, is to play at Panama and in the cities of the South Coast.

M. Oscar Comettant, the distinguished musical critic of the *Siccle*, who came to London expressly to assist at the first performance of *Mignon*, has returned to Paris.

Mdlle. Schroeder has been attacked by a pitiable form of illness that too frequently leaves unwelcome notes of its visit. "Detail bon à noter" (remarks *Le Ménestrel*)—the frightful malady will leave no trace upon the countenance of the bewitching artist.

Mdlle. Terese Liebe, the young violinist, made a highly favourable *début* at the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday. She played a movement from De Beriot's first concerto, and exhibited considerable executive power and a fine quality of tone.

Madame Parepa-Rosa and M. Rosa have arrived in London. They left New York on Wednesday, 22nd June, at 2 o'clock, in the *Scotia*, and arrived at Liverpool on Friday, July 1, at twelve o'clock, making the run in the extraordinary short period of 8 days and 19 hours.

M. Ambrose Thomas, the composer, and M. Heugel, the publisher, of *Mignon* visited London, to assist at the production of that opera at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Both must have been highly gratified. They were accompanied by M. Oscar Comettant, the able and intelligent musical critic of the *Siccle*.

A grand fête and reception under distinguished patronage was given to M. de Lesseps at the Crystal Palace on Thursday evening, the 7th inst. The entertainments terminated with a magnificent display of fireworks. A moiety of the net proceeds of the day was set apart by the Crystal Palace Company for the relief of sufferers by the late disastrous fire at Pera.

The value of the "recalls" with which composers are honoured in Italy may be estimated from a report of the first performance of an opera called *The Three Musketeers*. "At half-past eight o'clock," says the critic of *Il Trovatore*, there were twenty-nine persons present, including myself. Towards the end a party of friends entered and called the composer four or five times before the curtain.

At the burning of the operahouse at Indianapolis a large audience had assembled, listening to a lecture by Gough. When the fire was discovered, instead of rushing upon the stage and shouting "fire," with the certainty of creating panic and causing loss of lives, the manager went to those nearest the door, and whispered them to go out, and so down the aisles till the building was cleared.

Watson's Art Journal contains the following amusing criticism on a Miss Goldsticker:—

"Miss Goldsticker will have to commence her studies over again. We will pass over her *Freischütz*, for we should be glad to forget it, and simply touch upon her singing of Eckert's 'Echo song,' rendered remarkable by the frantic efforts of Anschütz to hold the young lady somewhere near the pitch. The voice and the piano echoed each other; but alas! the echoes never agreed. No matter how Carl Anschütz pounded the piano, the echo came sharper and sharper, until the ear was literally agonized with the horrors of false intonation. We can imagine the suffering of the *maestro*; but he endured it with wonderful stoicism, and when a discerning and refined audience insisted upon an encore (they would have applauded a saw-grinder) he actually repeated those wonderful echoes which never agreed, voluntarily enduring and generously inflicting the keenest of that cruel auricular torture over again."

Mr. Howard Paul arrived in London on Saturday, after an extended tour in America. He was one of the projectors of the Beethoven Festival in New York, at which 65,000 persons were present—from the 13th to 18th of June. The gross receipts at these concerts reached 102,000 dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul returned to England to fulfil engagements at Scarborough, Brighton, and other watering-places during the summer.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—We learn that Mr. German Reed, in compliance with numerous requests, will give a few representations of the favourite entertainment, *Ages Ago*, in an abridged form, commencing on Monday next, July 11. A new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, and *Our Island Home* will follow. This will make an excellent night's amusement, not too long. *Ages Ago* will conclude with the well-known picture scene.

We take the subject from a notice of a concert in *Watson's Art Journal* :—

"Towards the close of the programme a very handsome compliment was paid to the press proper by one of the managers of those concerts, for the generous way in which its members behaved towards the enterprise; while the conduct of some reporters, who happen now and again to stumble into a musical atmosphere which they taint alike with their ignorance and presence, was roughly handled."

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Report of the Executive Committee, presented to the members at the 71st quarterly meeting, on the 6th inst., states that the receipts for the midsummer quarter were £36,093 14s. 3d., and the grand totals to the same period £1,546,666 8s. 2d. The £50 shares issued for the quarter were 618, making the total number of shares issued to midsummer, 1870, 34,278, a subscribed capital of £1,713,900—the withdrawals amounting to £389,029 1s. 7d. The Reserve Fund amounted to £10,500, exclusive of office premises, furniture account, &c. The report added that the society's members had invested largely in the shares of the United Land Company Limited, estates purchased by which supplied the society with a large building advance business. As an illustration of the habits of saving by the members the report referred to the re-investment of their interest warrants, the amounts of which were added to their shares. The report was approved, and the usual vote of thanks passed to the Board. The directors present were Viscount Ranelagh (chairman), Col. Brownlow Knox, Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Hon. R. Burke, M.P., Col. Jervis, M.P., Mr. Goodson, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Newcomen, Mr. Strode, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. C. L. Gruneisen (secretary), &c.

It may be interesting to give an account of the new Communion table in Henry VII.'s Chapel. The original altar at the head of Henry VII.'s tomb was the work of Torrigiano, and was intended, no doubt, by Henry VIII. to magnify his father's memory, placing it as nearly as possible on a level with that of the Confessor in the Chapel of the Plantagenets. Underneath this altar was afterwards buried Edward VI., probably by order of his sister Mary, to soothe her feeling with regard to the difficulty of the Protestant Service with which he was interred. This altar was totally destroyed, doubtless on account of its elaborate imagery, in the civil wars—the only regal monument swept away by the Puritans being, by a singular paradox, that which stood over the grave of our only Puritan King. It was not till the spring of last year that the researches in the Royal vaults disclosed in the grave of Edward VI., lying across his coffin, a fragment of the frieze of his ancient marble altar. It was then determined to erect in the place of the temporary Communion table in Henry VII.'s Chapel one more worthy of the place, which should preserve this fragment of the ancient altar. The history of the new table is given in the inscription which runs round it (in the style of that which runs round the tomb of Henry VII.):—

Pro antiquo altari inter civilia odia vi diruto
In honorem Dei et in piam memoriam Edwardi Sexti Regis infra sepulti
Hanc sacram mensam in mitiori seculo
Instaurandam curavit Arthurus P. Stanley, S. T. P., Decanus Westmonast.
MDCCLXXX.

This new Communion table, is of carved cedar wood, covered with a black marble slab, on which is placed the frieze of the ancient altar, and in which also are incorporated fragments of three other ruined altars—one of the high altar of Canterbury, burnt in the fire of 1174, of which it still bears the traces; the second of the altar of the Greek Church at Damascus, which was destroyed in the troubles of 1860, when the Christian population crowded round it; the third, of an Abyssinian altar, taken in 1868 from the ruins of Magdala.

The *Liverpool Mail* gives a very interesting account "communicated by a layman" of some proceedings in which the Dean of Chester (Dr Howson) took part, in the ruins of an old Roman Catholic Abbey near Llangollen. On Tuesday last the members of the Chester Cathedral Volunteer Choir, which has contributed to much of the success of the Sunday evening services in the nave, made an excursion to the lovely

Vale of Llangollen. The programme of the day included a lecture by Dean Howson on the River Dee, and a geological ramble under the guidance of Canon Kingsley. But the grand interest of the day culminated in the visit or pilgrimage to Val Crucis Abbey, one of the most exquisite relics of monastic times. A short Office had been compiled for the occasion, and at 5.30 the entire party, numbering between two and three hundred, assembled within the sacred walls of this stately ruin. After a short interval for the inspection of its architectural beauties and graceful dilapidations, the choir was duly arranged on the *decani* and *cantoris* sides of the roofless chancel, the Very Rev. the Dean and the Rev. Precentor Deacle respectively, the latter being supplied. Against the east wall a cross of evergreens and flowers indicated the position formerly occupied by the high altar. As the congregation instinctively fell upon their knees on the green sod, amid the graves of the good Cistercians, and surrounded by the memorials of their magnificent sanctuary, the scene was indescribably touching.

M. Fechter has closed an engagement at the French Theatre that would have been pecuniarily successful, as it was artistically, if he had not been (says the *New York Figaro*) under engagement to one of the most unpopular men in New York—Rulman, the ticket speculator, who has damped the enthusiasm and destroyed the delight of our theatre-goers by procuring exorbitant prices for seats at various places of amusement, especially at Maretzek's. "Shent per shent" "old clo," opera shows at the catacombs. Such a man even if he does acquire a fortune cannot acquire the esteem of the public. Hence M. Fechter's season has been a financial failure.

VIENNA.—*Rienzi* is to be produced next season at the Imperial Opera-house.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWEN, & Co.—The "Organist's Quarterly Journal" for July, edited by William Spark. Mus. Doc.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Links of a Broken Chain," song, by F. E. Nesfield; "Those Happy Dreams," ballad, by Arthur Fox; "The Rejected Flower," song, by Dewdrop; "The Reason Why," song, by L. M. Watts.
LAMBOURN COCK & Co.—Two songs composed for and sung by Miss Annie Penman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Poetry by Eliza F. Morris; music by Charles Henry Shepherd.

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